The Wellesley Magazine

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

TREE DAY, '95.

FRIENDS and daughters of Wellesley, in the name of the Class of Ninety-five, I bid you welcome. Daughters of the past, daughters of the present, friends of all time, bound together by a tender love and by a common interest, we greet you heartily.

For those who, in the years gone by, have dwelt in our college halls, who have stood where we stand to-day and have passed on into the wider life,—for those, we feel to-day, perhaps for the first time, a growing kinship. We hear the summons from the outer world, and with their example ever before us, we would go forth bravely, not lingeringly, to live out in a broader field our motto, "Ich dien." And even as we hope for welcome on future Tree Days from these our younger sisters, we turn to you, O daughters of the past, and give you greeting.

Dear daughters of the present, with whom we have worked, to whom our errors have been plain, before whom lie all the possibilities recognized but unrealized by us, we are proud to leave to you our unsolved problems, and we welcome you, not only to our Tree Day, but to your new responsibilities.

What greeting can we give to the friends of Wellesley, to those who have not known her as an Alma Mater, but who, working from within and without her walls, have given direction to her aims? With full hearts we turn to those whose patient forbearance, ready sympathy, and wise counsel have made pleasant and profitable our undergraduate days. To her especially under whose rule, wise, just, and friendly, our Senior year has been passed, we are grateful. Our honored friends and helpers, to whose faithful teaching it is due that we go forth to serve cheerfully, to-day we give you a most hearty welcome. It gives us great pleasure to see among us her whose personal care and ready generosity have made it possible that we should be gathered here, and in welcoming her, we are glad to assure her of our gratitude and of our reverence for her unselfish life and for the loftiness of her service.

Ninety-five, we stand pledged to look forward and not backward, to be glad and not regretful. If in our hearts there lurks a sadness which cannot be banished, a regret which adds a minor to our song, let the key-note still be strong, clear, and triumphant. Though committed by our motto to service, we shall so be conquerors.

Friends, your servant!

HELEN MARIAN KELSEY.

THE ORACLE OF TREE DAY.

CHARACTERS.

ATHENA AKADEMIKA	Florence T. Forbes.
IRIS	Kate Winthrop Nelson.
(This part written by Alice C. Howe.)	
PRIESTESS	Helen Marian Kelsey.
SUPPLIANT	Winifred Augsbury.

Attendants and Chorus of Maidens.

Scene—Shrine of Athena.

Chorus entering:

ENTRANCE CHORUS.

Once more with joy on this glad day we greet thee;
Once more we come with pure offerings to meet thee.
Thou child of Jove, Athena divine,
With reverent feet we approach thy shrine.

Thou, goddess, long hast been our queen,
Hast led us by thy smile serene
Through quiet ways on wisdom's quest,
With earnest hearts and peaceful, blest.
This festal day we assemble to praise thee;
Our tuneful vows we joyously raise thee.
As ever thou hast heard our prayer,
Now hearken, Pallas, maiden fair,
Athena Akademika.

Priestess: Are any here who wish aught of Athena?

Suppliant: Mighty priestess, behold in me a suppliant! I ask thine intercession to gain for me some message from the great Athena. From the maidens of '95 I come,—maidens who have long worshipped at this shrine. They ask that, as they depart from their Alma Mater, they may leave behind some word of counsel and direction to those whose time is not yet come to go out into the great world. Plead for me, O Priestess, with Athena, that these our sisters may not be without some light to guide their footsteps!

Priestess: Hast thou brought offerings for this favor?

Suppliant: These are my poor offerings: a white rose for '96; a rosary for '97; the chief treasure of '98—the Queen of Hearts; the carnation for the Specials; and for '99 our own sweet pea. These are the offerings I bring to thy shrine.

(Priestess burns offerings.)

Chorus:

INVOCATION.

Hear us, Athena,
Earnest-browed goddess;
Hearken to mortals,
Great Pallas, hear!
Thou who hast ever
Promised thy chosen
Strength in their weakness,
Great Pallas, hear!

Golden Athena,
Bend thou to earth-ward;
List to thy suppliant,
Great Pallas, hear!
Patiently kneeling,
Wait we before thee,
Wait we thine answer,
Great Pallas, hear!

(Iris enters.)

GREETING TO IRIS.

Hail! hail!
Bright-winged goddess rare.
Fleet, fleet
Hast thou sped through the air,
Far, far,
From heaven serene and fair,
Swiftly, lightly,
Softly, brightly.
Hail! hail!
Iris, whom Pallas sends;
Blest, blest
Thou whom she wisdom lends.
Clear, clear
Utter her message now;
Lo, at thy white feet we bow!

Iris:

ἰὼ, ἰώ.
ἥκω, ἥκω.
κλύε μου κλύε.

Athena, renowned in Olympia, sends greetings to you, '95! To you, to whom it was once given to bear the shield and spear of the goddess; to you, who did later fold your purple wings to tread board walks with maids of no degree (or Faculty with two or three); to you who did dare to scan the affairs of the gods themselves, who did ask, and the thunders came not, whether Dionysus went out between the acts; to you on whom has fallen now the mantle of her wisdom, Athena would speak face to face.

But do "you who stay behind" look not so disconsolate. Cheer up! I am come to amuse, to criticize, to encourage, to admonish, to comfort you. Dear children, it is not so bad to be left behind. It depends on what you are behind. Ideals are very good things to be behind,—that is, you should always keep your ideal ahead of you. Remember what '95 has accomplished, who had never the advantage of being behind her ideal, and see what fields for growth stretch out before you!

To you who are left behind, then, Athena bids me bring her message. This doesn't include the Faculty; they love '95 too well to stay when she is gone. Athena says I mustn't stay long, because the Class of '95, with its characteristic generosity, has voted unanimously to invite the Freshmen to

take part in Tree Day this year, and they mustn't be kept out late, she says. So, in case I be compelled to omit any time-honored referenees to the verdaney of the Freshmen, the timelessness of the Speeials, or the veloeity of the elevator, I would say right here that '96 has already eleeted its "Legenda" Board.

Ninety-six, pride and joy of your teaehers, savers of kerosene, and ehief hope of labor reformers, why with your zeal for the eight-hour law do you not favor Knights of Labor? Is it the nights or the labor to which you object? Did any of your number eonfess to having overworked that time? If they did, we hope you dealt gently with the first offense within your ranks.

Ninety-six, you owe it to the lower elasses, the working elasses, to publish at onee a detailed aeeount of the workings of the eight-hour system, together with sueh information in regard to prevailing eonditions as may properly be made publie. Sueh a work might prove of invaluable assistanee in attaining the "three eonditions that make us happy," lately diseovered by an original investigator of '95.

You have a reputation, '96. You have no need to be ashamed of it. "'Tis only noble to be good"—for something. Two years ago you were advised to follow in the path whieh had led '95 to sueeess. Athena rejoiees that in one point at least you have not entirely failed in your effort. Had you had that extra two hours of Bible, who knows but you might, perhaps, have been as good as '95—or nearly. Presumably you would have diseovered, too, that reeent investigators now think it probable that the eourse of the Jordan does not lie through Egypt. Guard your reputation well, '96. Without goodness, other qualities, if you had them, would count as nothing. Let no hasty word tarnish your fair name. That voiee from out your ranks whieh was heard to say, "We don't have to keep the rules any longer," had too little of sadness in its tone, —too little, '96.

You are very humble, and very frank withal. If the hoops do deseend from elass to elass, when they have gotten as low as they ean, undoubtedly '96 will get them—undoubtedly. Snateh not the gifts of the gods with such untimely haste, then.

Fain would I have appeared on this, '95's last Tree Day, under the soft shades, beneath the spreading branches, of her own syeamore-maple; but

loth would I be to point the contrast to your own ill-fated scion. You shake your heads; did you say your tree was only dead *at the top?* Strange, isn't it? How typical even inanimate, that is, seemingly inanimate, objects may be!

Wishing the happiness of every one this day,—my time is short, too,—I will not, as the custom is, speak of your failings,—they are evident,—but on your virtues dwell, instead.

Let no one say you were hasty in the choice of a leader. Why should you fight again the battle '95 had waged before you? You could not be wrong in accepting its decision to let well enough alone and keep your Junior president; besides, you thereby saved time to attend a most excellent concert, which you would have been obliged to forego had you taken time to think this matter out on an independent basis.

You deserve great credit, too, for your heroic resolve, in spite of many natural difficulties, to publish a "Legenda." In this connection a suggestion may not be out of order. The following entirely new and original idea occurred to the '95 Board, but unfortunately their book had already gone to print. Through their courtesy I now present it to you: Would it not add to the attractiveness of the "Legenda" if a joke were inserted each year? It is believed that a petition for such a feature would probably be granted by the Council. At least, the idea is worth the attempt.

A weight of responsibility is coming upon you, '96; there is the Magazine. But you will rise to the occasion. Your ability for soliciting material, free-press articles, etc., was early shown by your gratuitous bid for a poem already offered to another publication. Marry, an' may Young authors ever find as cordial a reception for their productions.

Then you have some imaginative power yourselves, as shown by the drapery in which your fancy wraps the historic form of Archimedes, as well as by the readiness with which you transport yourselves and all modern conveniences, including the telegraph, back to the time of Charles V.

In many things you have succeeded, '96, but in one thing you have certainly excelled. Your treatment of the Temperance Debate was as gratifying as it was characteristic, as unhoped for as it was original. Athena recommends it to all succeeding classes,—the "*ne plus ultra*," which, being interpreted, is, "no more ahead."

And now, '96, having limited myself to your virtues, I am done. The subject has proved unexpectedly prolific. In what you have failed you are not wholly to blame; for that in which you have succeeded, '95 is not wholly responsible; had you had a more inspiring motto, perhaps you might have had better success.

Ninety-seven! Ninety-seven! this is what Athena says to you: Fittingly do you appear to-day in this humble dress, mindful of the carelessness which came nigh losing the sacred emblem of this day's work; the implement which '95 kept bright by use, which '96 kept unhurt by use, which you kept —'97, you did not keep it. Did you think when your tree was once set in the earth you would never need to dig again? You forgot you had still your old animosities with '96 to bury. If your botany teacher did tell you that roots are "not required if it is impossible to get them," the Greek department still requires a few dry specimens.

And what excuse would you have offered your younger sister to-day for failing to hand down to her the spade that was bequeathed to you? No thanks to you that she has plenty of her own.

And what would you have done if some kind spirit had not returned it to your careless hands in time for the mid-year examinations? Were there not express charges laid upon you when you received this spade? And did you pay them?

To-day, then, bury your last hopes for your tree, and give over the spade to other hands, letting your bitter experience teach them its value.

But, '97, we still have confidence in you. Athena, the great goddess who sees all things, knows that for six months you have kept locked in your faithful bosom the secret of that '95 whom you directed to the senior bulletin board; even now her name is known but to yourself and Athena.

Under the protection of your dignity more than one '96 has passed safely through the rocks and shoals of Cambridge, O '97.

Iohe was a very pretty name for your boat, '97, but would not an I. O. U. have been more appropriate?

Athena is glad to see that you keep up your interest in sports and pastimes; that was an excellent idea of yours to put contribution boxes on the bulletin board, whereby to defray the expenses of your crew. With a class of your financial ability, who knows but even the chapel fund may

recover from its present hopeless state? Or dare we hope? The chemistry—ah! that is, the science—building may sometime be painted—perhaps.

The surging crowds that daily resort to the athletic field, as often thank you for the generosity which has provided that retired and shaded spot, where weary brains may get a body to match.

A few words of advice, '97, which Athena feels are imperatively necessary, and I must leave you.

Know that the President has rooms at Norumbega. No. 4 is for office work only. It is usually considered poor form to congratulate a class president before she is elected. The copyrighted picture recently posted on the elevator bulletin is not a composite of the Faculty. Athena does not advise you to publish the numerous sonnets, poetical translations, and odes you have written this year, for though

Some of it's verse,
Some of it's worse,—
And the book might not be a financial success.

Ninety-eight, Athena sends her warmest greetings to you on your first Tree Day.

You, '98, have been fed on the very milk of human kindness; indeed, there was nothing else to feed you on after those historic cows died. Perhaps you haven't recognized the character of your food before, but that's because it was so very condensed. However, you will readily see that it is true, when I remind you how very friendly '97 was on the night of your elections, and what obstacles she surmounted in order to present you with your first rattle. To-day she will present you with the second gift in her kindergarten system. Use it with such skill that your tree may not pine away like hers, but be ever green and flourishing like the spruce little shrub it is.

Ninety-eight, Athena has watched you most carefully this year for some mark of individuality, some predominant characteristic, and she has found none. Though experience has failed to give her any clue, yet she has not despaired that you really have some distinguishing trait. So, by a process of *à priori* reasoning which you couldn't understand without a course in Philosophy IX., but the conclusions of which you will at once recognize to be just,—through such a process of *à priori* reasoning she has come to the conclusion

that you must be intellectual. For if '96 represents the moral, and '97 stands for the physical, in order to preserve the necessary synthetic unity after '95 is gone, '98 must stand for the intellectual. Nor does it in the least invalidate this conclusion, that you have given no evidence of any such quality, for it is one of the fundamental principles of philosophy that no judgment can be rejected simply because of its apparent absurdity.

On you, therefore, Athena looks with especial tenderness as the only possible successors to the mantle of '95. Be not dismayed, then, if she offers some few suggestions and criticisms; for whom the gods love they chasten.

And do ye, gentle Sophomores, and ye, righteous Juniors, if ye think my advice but trite, remember that youth is the same to-day, and yesterday, and always.

Ninety-eight, we are very glad to see you advocating the more extended use of silver,— but why are you so blue about it? With your cornflower products, it is the very currency you need.

Why, O '98, does a boating trip after 10 o'clock suddenly lose its attraction just at the moment when your arrangements are all perfected? Did you feel, in the quiet of the night, the reproving silence or the somnolent sounds of a sleeping '96?

It seems strange that no one ever thought of having a one-fifth quorum before. Yet not so strange either, since it is only natural the mother of invention should appear before the invention itself.

You should not apologize, '98, even though you do forget to take your Bible when you call on your Bible instructor. Perhaps she has one of her own.

Never use translations, '98! It is extremely annoying to your teachers to find the books they need themselves removed from the shelves. Music Hall is not desirable as a dormitory. No, you are not required to buy twelve float tickets. It is not well to make social calls on the Faculty in office hours,— even if you can find them then. The class in Analytical Mechanics, Geodynamics and Celestial Mechanics is no fit place for Freshmen. 'Tis true, a class listening to a discourse on the nature of infinity may become so transformed as to be unrecognizable to one of its members, but there is no such excuse for your constant intrusion in Room —.

You really are a very winning class, '98; and when the stern foe bade you disperse on that memorable morning, you stood as firm as your ancestors at Lexington. The British themselves would have melted when you looked up so plaintively, and said, "But it's my president, you know."

Poor '98! Athena sympathizes with your many trials, and, ere I leave you, I promise she will do all in her power to prevent members of the Class of '95 from further annoying you by sitting in the centre seats at chapel, on Sunday morning.

Ninety-nine, your small numbers make it a matter of great delicacy to offer you either advice or criticism. But — bear in mind that "Ontogenetic development is a recapitulation of Drylogenetic characteristics," and you will see how all my former remarks will apply to you, if not in your present embryonic state at least in your later development.

What a motley company is this to which I am sent! Scottish Highlanders, nun and Freshman, "gamb'ling on the green," monk and monkey, and here Diana's train of maidens.

You, Specials, followers of another divinity, Athena is reluctant to advise; but — remember that the Faculty dressing room is a convenient place for wraps, much less crowded than the Senior wardrobe; that horses with long ears are called donkeys; that dresses may be transported easily and safely in clothes baskets! Don't forget that if you feel a little Hayes-y at times, you have a compass which will direct your homeward steps. And, my dear maid, don't let that statue at the first floor centre trouble you even if it doesn't quite express your conception of Ruth and Naomi. Rarely do we find our ideals exactly expressed in art.

Now, fair maidens of Diana, be *good*—to the Faculty, when '95 is gone, — if there are any. As you have always done, so continue to lighten their load by taking the responsibility of the College on your own willing shoulders.

All ye who stay behind — if I have said aught to displease or offend, remember that ye oft have heard that "the mills of the gods grind," and forgive the pious sacrilege of her who wishes you nothing worse than all good.

Athena calls,—

Οἴχομαι, οἴχομαι,
ἄπειμι, ἄπειμι,
οὐκ εἰμί.

(*Dance about the Altar.*)

Priestess: Athena has granted thy favor. Now go thy way.

Suppliant: Yet once more do I implore thine aid. The maidens of '95, as they separate, would have some word of inspiration for themselves.

Priestess: What offering hast thou for this favor?

Suppliant: Alas! I have given all.

Priestess: Is there not something dear to thee which thou canst offer?

Suppliant: Must it be dear to me?

Priestess: Most dear.

Suppliant: (Hesitates; thinks of her Senior cap; finally presents it.) Be this my sacrifice!

(*Priestess burns the cap.*)

Chorus:

INVOCATION.

Pure-hearted maiden,
Kneel we before thee;
List to thy children,
Pallas divine.
Gladly we offer
Our chiefest treasure
For thine appearing,
Pallas divine.

Come, maiden wisest,
Wisest and fairest,
We crave thy presence,
Pallas divine.
Dispel, O goddess,
Mist from our vision,
That we behold thee,
Pallas divine.

(*Athena enters.*)

Chorus:

GREETING TO ATHENA.

Soft, soft,
Hush we our voices now;
Low, low,
Toward the green earth we bow.
See, see,
Pallas, with earnest brow;
Cometh slowly,
Maiden holy,
Bright, soft,
Like to a silver flame;

Brave, true,
She doth our reverence claim.
Lift, lift
To hers thy drooping eyes;
In them a mighty love lies.

Athena:

Hast thou, who callest thyself Ninety-five, so little fear of the anciently dreaded jealousy of divinities, that thou dost summon here to-day Athena, whose festival all Greece once joined to render glorious,—summon her to a festival not her own,—a festival we hesitate to call the Seniors' own, since your highest authority thought Tree Day sole property of Freshmen?

Must ye have summoned me? Was not my messenger, Iris, enough? Or, leaving us poor, hard-worked divinities in peace, have four years of Bird Talks been in vain, that ye augur nothing from the cries of the Wellesley songsters? Ye ruthless moderns, ye have driven away my bird of wisdom and his brood, sent by special grace to lodge in your branches! Are ye so uninitiated that ye discern no omen in the crossing of your path by many dogs? Was that costly slaughter of fifty bullocks vain?

Suppliant, no mean sacrifice is thine. Before, thou didst give up the relics of thy Sophomore triumph, when, crowned with the laurel, thou didst vaunt thy young strength before the world with blare of trumpet,—blowing thine own horn, thy maligners said. Thou hast sacrificed thy Psyche wings, symbol of thy Junior longing, not for triumphant strength, but for grace and beauty. Last, thou hast laid upon my altar, in proof of thy earnestness, thy Senior cap, thy greatest gift, marred with many an honorable scar, but still the symbol,—can any but a Senior say of what? All-meaning symbol of grace, strength, beauty, and how much more! To many an undergraduate mind sole spur to climb higher, still higher.

For such an offering, for such a suppliant, Athena deems the best she has a gift too small. And now she comes fettered in her speech, restricted by the commands of the gods in council (not the A. C.). In former times, your orators poured forth their eloquence in streams of fire. Great moral truths they uttered: so profound, we exclaimed at such old heads on such young shoulders; so vast, we wondered how the youngsters climbed so high that they could overlook them all. From their heights of experience they told you how small was college life,—how dark in the light of their

bright day! Would I could emulate them! But now a stern command is issued forth, which even Athena must obey:—

"Say what else thou wilt, but by our love for Ninety-five, by the love we bear the friends of Ninety-five, let nothing tempt thy tongue to an oration, lest it come upon thee that thou be called a bore." From such a fate, O Zeus, defend us!

Athena comes not here to-day with helmet, with shield, with her thunderbolts and Gorgon's head. Not to inspire you to warlike deeds she comes, for the warriors twelve moons ago left these too narrow fields, confident in their world conquest. Athena comes not to urge on the athlete to feats of valor in the games. Would that she could inspire a poet! His flower flourisheth not in the soil of Ninety-five, and what grows not naturally we do not force. Let Athena come as she was wont in Athens, as the patroness of school-children, thine adviser, a refuge long ago denied thee.

Ninety-five kneels to-day a suppliant at Athena's altar. With dance and song, with burning of incense and sacrificial offerings, she makes her quest—that old quest made by hundreds before her—for words of wisdom to guide her on her journey through that dread, mysterious country called the world. She stands closing the door of the past. Back at the past she looks with love,—yes, ye scoffers at sentimentality,—with sincere love; with regret that more has not been done to show her love. Could she live her college years again, her friendships would have a truer ring, she would tread with firmer steps, be guided by a wiser loyalty. But Tree Day is not the time for vain regrets! Ninety-five's gaze is forward, too. Hope for the future is victor over fear, but hope is not assurance. For some sure message that should show her the pitfalls on the way, the mountains she must climb, the mountains she can without cowardice pass around by the pleasant valley roads,—for such a guiding voice her offerings have been made.

Her sisters have started on this selfsame journey but a year apart, so that one can never overtake another, but must travel the way alone. Each sends back a message of warning and guidance, but on this wonderful journey no two travellers see alike the life along the way. What one crosses as a perilous stream, another calls a brook. A rosy morning mist may seem the grayest fog. A roaring lion on the path of one may for her sister be transformed into a lamb.

Ninety-five, art thou too old, too worldly wise, too modern, to believe that at thy birth the fairies hovered round thy cradle? Is the story too trite that one fairy swore to thee his everlasting allegiance? All the fairies brought gifts of blessing, but this fairy that is especially thine is Common Sense. Do not despise it. To its service thou owest many of thy friends in high places. It will go with thee still. An everyday journey is this journey of the future, and Common Sense is an everyday companion that will stay close by thy side, no will-o'-the-wisp dancing ahead on thy path, luring thee on to no end.

Did Athena promise Ninety-five words of wise advice? Advice thou canst receive from all,—nay, have it thrust upon thee. Thou canst throw it away and fare as well. Something more tangible Athena promises thee: two gifts committed to thy charge, to be guarded as they may prove their worth. Homely gifts they are. The first a pair of glasses: not of that rosy kind that make bright to the vision the path that may be cruelly rough for the feet that tread it; that make thee grasp a thistle, believing it a rose. They are not of that smoky hue that tempers indeed the painful glare of noonday, but makes a gloom where the sun is really shining. These magic glasses of thine will make thee see things as they are,—in true proportion, in true perspective, true in color. Because thou seest that the path is rough thou wilt not turn back, but thy feet will be shod to bear the cutting of the stones. If thou must, thou wilt grasp the thistle; but it will not hurt thee much, because thy grasp will be firm about its thorns. Thou wilt gather the rose, and love it because thou knowest it is a rose.

To know the value of thy second gift, thou must hear something of thy sisters already on the journey. This one thou hast known,—of a serious cast of mind, her lofty duty as she sees it to reform and elevate this wicked world. Green fields are fair, but she cannot stop to love them. For her, the serious, the gray, the hard. She cannot travel far, for weariness enforces rest. Even now she crawls along so slowly under her weight of burdens she fears she may never reach the goal. Yonder stands another, a smile upon her lips. Farther along the path, thinks she, there will be plenty to fill her pack. Now let it hang empty, that she may move light and free, cross the streams with a bound, play with the children of the green fields without its galling weight. But she stops too long for play, and along her path lie

unheeded burdens she must take up, trophies she must win if she accomplishes well her journey.

Look at them, Ninety-five, and point thine own moral. Athena never was a preacher. Thy second gift will teach thee what they did not know: 'tis a pair of scales to teach thee values. Thy weighing master will be that same good fairy, Common Sense. They hang now, the scale of life's work and the scale of life's play, counterbalanced, in perfect stability. 'Tis for thee and thy good fairy to keep them so. Add work, add play, but add in equal measure.

Dost thou regret thy sacrificial offerings, young Ninety-five? Judge not my gifts till thou hast proved them. Finding them useless, then call Athena's gifts a cheat, Athena's self a bore.

(Priestess exit.)

Chorus (Leaving shrine):

EXIT CHORUS.

Again, pure maiden, we lift thee our praises;
Its grateful tones each glad voice now raises.
Thou child of Jove, Athena divine,
With lingering feet we leave thy shrine.
Thou givest not the heavy crown,
The wealth that bows man's spirit down,
But earnest hearts to know thy will,
Courage its purpose to fulfil.
Thou givest strength for the task that is nearest;
Thou givest wisdom, eyes that see clearest.
O give us, too, thy friendship dear;
Now harken, Pallas, maiden fair,
Athena Akademika.

CLASS SONG, '98.

O Wellesley, hear our song,
So loud it rings and long
For Alma Mater true,
For silver and for blue!
We sing her praises ever gladly;
We love thy sacred walls;
We linger in thy halls,
And leave thee sadly,—
And leave thee sadly.

Accept our cornflower blue,
Our beech tree's silver hue,
The word of hope we say,
To guide us on our way,
And keep us each thy faithful daughter.
May '98 be strong
To serve and worship long
Her Alma Mater,—
Dear Alma Mater!

AMELIA M. ELY.

ORATION.

GREETING, friends and fellow-students! Do not let these many clubs I hear frighten you. They are for defence only. Ninety-eight should be well armed to-day, our wise guardian sisters tell us. Valiant attacks are to be expected from mighty Ninety-seven. So we obey. We would rather leave our arms unused, though not through fear, but because we should best like to be friends with you all.

'Twas as pledge of this same friendliness that we chose our tree and our flower, bits of happy, healthy beauty, to bring more cheeriness into the world. The silver beech tree to us seems an enchanted sunbeam, with the glimmer of its earlier form still clinging about it. As for our sturdy cornflower, look down into its bright little eyes and see if they do not smile back at you as though saying, "See how good it is to be alive." From the two came, also, our colors, old blue and silver. Blue and silver, we think of them, when we think of our motto, "Starward." Upward it means, though outward, too, for the stars are to the east and west, as well as in the zenith. Starward, upward, lightward, truthward, toward our high ideal, which, well we know, will fade, as the light grows stronger, into the blue deeps of truth.

Perhaps you think that, with such a motto, we might better have chosen some other costume for to-day. Not so. Had we given you nothing more whereby to judge us, you had well thought we were dreamers only, had well bidden us, "Let the deed shaw." To the game which we shall presently play, we must needs bring just those qualities which will best "let the deed shaw."—concentration, far-sightedness, quick wits and keen eyes, clear, ready judgment and regard for the good of those playing

with us. There is no more chance for good result here than in the world, if the player is careless or dreamy, or thinks of herself alone. She must be earnest and wide-awake, and play with regard for the game as a whole, not for the minute or the one hand only.

We, as Freshmen, cannot be expected to play very scientifically, perhaps. Our older and wiser sisters must forgive our mistakes. A few rules, though, we can be trusted to remember. Let them see to it that they do as well. We dare to play third hand high, even above mighty Ninety-seven. If, though, as in second hand, wisdom bids us wait, we can be patient, also. We know the value of our trumps, besides, and that when our partner calls for them they should be promptly returned. It is, indeed, because of this honored and well-loved partner of ours, our sister Ninety-five, that we feel so sure of success in our game to-day. Our other hope lies in the fact that Ninety-eight will so well remember which suit is trumps. Clubs, diamonds, hearts, and spades we call the four. In the world they are independence, talent, love, and diligence. Each has its use. At different times in our lives different ones hold chief place. Ninety-eight, with the mighty wisdom of matriculated Freshmen, will not forget that for our college days, at least, as for our Tree Day game, it is spade, diligence, that are trumps.

FRANCES HALL ROUSMANIERE.

PRESENTATION OF SPADE.

Pax Vobiscum!

Ye packs of cards, ye clubs of joyous maids,
Who dig for Greek and Latin roots like spades,
But shine like diamonds in society,
With merry hearts, now gathered 'round your tree,
Whoe'er you are — queens, crowned kings or jacks,
To one and all, my salutation, *pax!*

BY my halidome, this is a strange spectacle,— some witchcraft, or devil's work. Why come ye hither thus attired? A quiet brotherhood are we, regular in our domestic duties. Our lands and goods are open to relieve pilgrims and pious persons, not bands of worldlings like yourselves. When first we welcomed you to this quiet retreat, it was in the hope that you would consider knowledge as your chief object, and its enlargement the

greatest pleasure of your life. We had great hopes of you when we heard you inquire whether you would be allowed to go to chapel before you knew the result of your entrance examinations, and also when you circulated the report that no Freshman could obtain her matriculation card unless she had done her domestic work faithfully. But by mine order, little have you profited by the lives of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and Moses, which have been so carefully set before you; you have turned your back upon the cloister, and have given yourselves over to waywardness, and the desire of worldly delights. Oh ye children of Mammon, the saints have mercy on your souls! Your part is most unseemly and unsuitable. The honor of the departed and the weal of the living souls alike forbid such revelry. But we must show you some indulgence. Your brains were scarcely capable of inventing such a spectacle, and so you have taken a plan originated, fully elaborated, but abandoned, by your older sisters, the Highland lassies. To them be the judgment for wicked thoughts, to you for wicked deeds.

Grieved would we be with all your fooleries, had you not shown a better side of your nature in choosing for the president of your order, and for your leader to-day, two who have been among us *ab initio*, and have had the benefit of our uplifting influence for full a twelvemonth before you came here. Yea, Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and several of our number have become victims to your temptations. Yet are there many zealous and faithful followers left, '98, as you must have seen when you invited one of us to take part in the dance that you are about to give. Wist ye what she answered? "Since I am not a member of the order of '98, I cannot accept your invitation to take part in the Tree Day dance." After this, take warning, *cave quid dicis, quando, et cui.*

With all our goodness, '98, we are not impeccable and infallible persons, in whose garments of wisdom and virtue no flaw is to be discerned. On the contrary, we are quite sensible to our many imperfections. Perhaps we sin most gravely in neglecting to abandon the use of *meum* and *tuum*. You know that, by the rules of the church, we are forbidden calling anything our own. When, however, you worldlings, not content with employing the hooks in the library wardrobe usually intended for caps and gowns, or with filling up the seats in the rhetoric office, in times usually intended for the discussion of Junior forensics — when, I say, you lay claim to the goodly

crew boat which we have purchased at so great a self-denial, we don't exactly call the boat our own, but we think that perhaps we are being imposed upon.

But marry, foolish idlers, you are but infants yet, and plainly more at home in the nursery than in the class meeting. We do not wonder that you thought the gavel which we gave you a rattle, for not so soon could you put away the memory of your dearest plaything; and then (to speak *ex cathedra*) you were so rattled. If, however, you continue to keep order with a shoehorn instead of that instrument, we shall feel quite hopeless of ever bringing you to a state of maturity.

Speaking of the rattle reminds me of that memorable evening when you chose your president. You have inaugurated a new custom by cheering for your candidate before you have elected her president. This is a very novel idea, we admit, and another year we will profit by our experience, and not offer our congratulations until a stated period after the cheering has ceased.

Quid nunc? Apropos of class meetings in general, and Tree Day meetings in particular, our goodly body would offer you, both for your own welfare and *ne quid detrimenti alma mater capiat*, four practical rules for carrying on a Tree Day campaign.

Primo.—Since you are old enough now to put away your playthings when you have finished with them, we would urge you not to leave your ballots on the table after your class meeting. The loving hands which care for the gymnasium are not always those of '98. *Periculum est impublico.*

Secundo.—Do not try too hard to be diplomatic. Know ye not that *veritas omnia vincit?* When you scatter fir branches in our rooms and affect embarrassment, and when you keep your leaders constantly supplied with mignonette, you only assure us that these two articles form no part of your Tree Day choosing.

Tertio.—Never again be afraid of changing your plans if you are able to conceive better ones. We think your present colors, blue and silver, very much prettier than those you wanted first, blue and gold; and we hope that again when you want a change, you will bring it about more peaceably. You will never get "starward," I opine, if you cannot keep your self-control. Doubtless, however, you never expect to attain those heights, and so you have chosen your colors, blue and silver, in order to have your little twinkle here below.

Quarto et deinde.—If, in order to have your Tree Day plans made known, you choose the method of leaving the diagrams in the Gertrude Library, and the songs on the table outside the dining room, we would offer the suggestion that you write them neatly, and in ink, in order to save us the trouble of having to puzzle them out.

But let me to my most needful task for which I am come hither. I am not sent to be a watch or a check upon your idle follies, for that were quite impossible. Our influence in this casual world becomes less powerful as the stream of years passeth on. Little have we gained by our visit here, saving the certainty that scoffers are busy among us with more than usual activity, leading astray the first and fairest of the flock. *Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!*

Even so! even so! Although you seem to profit little by our best advice, we grant you our forgiveness, and prove our love to you by giving you the choicest treasure in our store,—by no means because you have not spades enough, but because this is a sort of which we think you have sore need. For the past year it has been most serviceable to us. It helped us to dig constantly and assiduously until we have attained the depths of knowledge for which our fame is blown through all the earth. Now that we are to part with this instrument forever, we know you will grant us pardon, '98, if we have given you a few parting digs. Don't think that I have been demoralized by your presence enough to become a joker; forgive me if I have been too severe. *Absit invidia.* To my poor thinking, we love you full much, more than it is meet for us to love such worldlings. Our hearts are always open to advise you and to help you in every good work. As long as you remain with us we grant you our shelter and protection.

Farewell, '98. *Benedicite.*

HELEN M. GORDON, '97.

RECEPTION OF SPADE.

MOST wisely have you spoken, reverend father, but I have listened in vain for a familiar phrase. So often did I hear it when first I entered these sacred precincts, that I turned to one who looked as if she "knew it all," and asked, "What does it mean, 'Let the deed shaw?'" She cast

upon me a glance of pity, and said: "'Let the deed shaw' is the motto of great '97,—the watchword by which they live. So far it has shown them to be the finest, most all-round class the College has ever seen." "You know them well?" I asked; and I met her scornful glance as she replied, "I am a member of '97!" She walked away, and I stood thinking. A first-floor room in the Main Building is a good place for observation, yet I felt that I had missed something. These "deeds" that had borne such mighty fruit,—what were they? A voice seemed to whisper, "The athletic field." But let us not dwell on that; it is too sad, too pitiful! And yet how well you carried out your motto, '97, "Let the deed shaw." Again I mused. There was the night of our first class meeting, when, by some miracle, a group of innocent Freshmen escaped uninjured from the shower of broken glass by which you, '97, showed your interest in our affairs. And, by the way, that window is not mended yet. On that same eventful evening you could not understand why we would not admit your president to congratulate us before our candidates were even nominated. Does '97 possess a murderous spirit, and a mind devoid of reason? "Let the deed shaw." Once we feared for your health. It was that cold afternoon, with a stiff northeast wind, when you were going to play the Freshman basket-ball team. Half an hour before the game was called, you decided it was too hot to play. Did you enjoy the tonic we sent you? This last act of yours is the most surprising of them all,—this appearance as monks and nuns. Is it a reproach for our seeming levity, or are you really tired of the world, tired of its failures and follies? Do you sigh for a land where class meetings and athletic fields shall be no more? Do not leave us yet! Stay, if only to carry on your good work of guiding an ignorant Freshman through a treacherous world. Thank you so much for all your good advice. We should be especially grateful for any hints about constitutions, quorums, etc., for we know you speak from sad and bitter experience. How much you might have been spared, if you had amended your constitution before you adopted it! You may be interested to know that our little scheme of "letting four fifths of the class sit comfortably at home while the other fifth transacts the important business," is working beautifully.

We have not yet found it necessary to ask the Sophomores to help swell the ranks. But you have one good quality, '97,—you can keep a

seeret. That affair of the boat launehing was simply perfeet! Perhaps some classes would have preferred that all of their own members should know about it; but that is your concern. One of your officers proved, last year, that you had the seeretive power. Don't you remember how she absolutely refused to tell your symbols to the "Legenda" Board? To be sure, it was customary to tell them to that august body, and all the preceding classes had done so; but '97 is an exceptional class. And that makes me think to tell you how much obliged we are for your assistanee in publishing our tree, flower, etc. It is such a relief to be spared announeing them ourselves. But sometimes even you make mistakes, as you see in to-day's revelations. And what did the sun reveal as it fell on the clothesline at Fiske this morning? Was it not a mistake made by some of the Sophomores last night? Before I forget it, '98 wishes to tender to you, dear '97, the most earnest sympathy on aceount of your tree. The evergreen seems to have turned into "the sere and yellow leaf"; but do not despair! Perhaps some morning you may wake to find it as good as new. Who knows what wonders may transpire in a night? Do you, '97? Speaking of trees reminds me again of this spade which I hold in my hand. You see how firmly I cling to the handle? It is very sad when a spade suddenly vanishes as if by magic, don't you think so, '97? even if it is returned during vaeation. Just think how we should have felt if it had not come back in time for our Tree Day! But it is here and we accept it gratefully. Perhaps, as we use it to dig the roots of knowledge, we shall come to a wiser understanding of the things that be; and as we, too, struggle to "let the deed shaw," '97 will lead her little sister "starward."

Amelia M. Ely.

EDITORIALS.

I.

THE last of the college months is undeniably the busiest and happiest of the year. To the eager Freshman who reluctantly admits at times, during the fall and winter terms, that she cannot feel as much class and college spirit as she had expected, the coming of the spring term and the first Tree Day and Float bring a strange new sense of loyalty, and a gladness, half unexpressed, that she is not of '95, and that for her, Wellesley is just beginning.

The Sophomore attitude toward the festivities of the month, has interested the editor much as she has passed among them on her weary "search after knowledge." A little less enthusiasm than a year ago, a touch of the air of studied indifference, which hesitates to express quite all which it feels, a faint suggestion, possibly, of Tree Day vows and the turning away from the frivolities of youth, — these are some of the elements which pervade the atmosphere of June.

For the "Jolly Junior"—for the writer knows that she is jolly, in spite of the imputations which her elder sisters have playfully given her—the clouds break perceptibly with the approach of the rare days of June. In very truth, her brief-year is ended; and although Senior dignities are about to descend upon her, she is full of the spirit of frolic. Not even her sorry "lack of individuality" can make her serious now. She takes this new thrust cheerfully, toasts it, serenades it, sacrifices it upon the funeral pile. In all things she is her "ain sel'"—modest, genial, and gay.

The sweep of the Senior gown across the campus during Commencement Week is full of suggestion. If one could know the nature of the emotions which the black robes cover, one might be surprised. It happened to the editor the other day to meet a dignified wearer of cap and gown, whose face bore such visible signs of sadness and anxiety, that she was touched in spite of herself. "What's the matter?" she said, sympathetically. "Do you feel so badly because you are so nearly through?" "No," was the troubled reply, "it isn't that; but I can't begin to get my things into four trunks, and I can't decide what to throw away." Practical '95! That there is another than the thoroughly practical side, however, the

present writer dares conjecture from a study of the faces on the last morning of chapel—the morning when everybody comes.

Toward all, our wishes for a restful summer are heartfelt and sincere. Toward all, as well, we look for co-operation in the Magazine work of the coming year. To the Seniors, who say, when asked the time-worn question, "What are you going to do next year?" that they are going to stay at home and be "nice to the family," we turn with peculiar interest. From our knowledge of them, we believe this to indicate that a time is near at hand when they will not be overworked, and that we may hope for free contributions from them.

To those who are to return among us, we would make an especially earnest plea. The Magazine must stand to the outside world for the literary work of the College. It is a matter of pride with us that our standard is a high one. But it is only through individual effort that we can keep it so. We therefore ask for a generous response to the needs of the Magazine in its various departments—the short story, the light essay, verse, and the Free Press.

II.

It has seemed wise to the Editorial Boards of '95 and '96 to suggest a few radical changes in the Constitution of the Wellesley Magazine. The purpose in so doing has been to broaden the interest in the Magazine by the possible election of literary editors outside of the Junior Class, and to place the publication upon a firmer working basis by making some technical changes. These amendments have been accepted by a mass meeting of the students, and approved by the Academic Council. Important changes and additions are indicated by italics in the following copy of the present Constitution :—

CONSTITUTION OF THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

As approved by the Academic Council and the Students.

ARTICLE I.

The name of this periodical shall be the Wellesley Magazine.

ARTICLE II.

It shall be issued once a month from October to June inclusive.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION I. The Board shall consist of ten members: an editor in chief, an associate editor, six additional editors, a managing editor, and *an assistant managing editor.**

SECT. II. Of these editors, the editor in chief, the associate editor, managing editor, assistant managing editor, and two literary editors shall be elected from the Junior Class; one literary editor from the Special Organization; one from the Alumnæ; and the *two remaining literary editors from the Junior, Sophomore, or Special Organization.**

SECT. III. The editor in chief, associate editor, managing editor, assistant managing editor, and two literary editors shall be elected during the winter term by the Junior Class; the special editor, in June, by the Special Organization; the alumnæ editor, in June, by the Alumnæ Association; all these, with the exception of the alumnæ editor, to be elected from nominations made by the Editorial Board. The number of nominations shall exceed the number of offices to be filled by as many as the Editorial Board shall see fit. If the organization shall refuse to elect from the nominations made, additional nominations shall be submitted until all the editors are elected. *The remaining editors shall be elected immediately after the election of the Junior members, by the joint vote of these members and the outgoing Board.*†

SECT. IV. *If vacancies shall occur in the Editorial Board after the beginning of the spring term, the Board shall have power to fill all positions except that of editor in chief. A new editor in chief shall be elected by the class of which the former editor in chief was a member.*

SECT. V. The duties of the editors, with the exception of the managing, special, and alumnæ editors, shall begin with the preparation of the April number of the magazine. The duties of the managing, special, and alumnæ editors shall begin with the preparation of the October number.

SECT. VI. *The editor in chief shall be ex officio chairman of the Editorial Board. At all joint meetings of the two Boards the editor in chief of the outgoing Board shall preside. The managing editors elect shall be entitled to vote at all joint meetings of the two Boards, but shall not be considered active members of the incoming Board until the opening of the next college year.*

ARTICLE IV.

Each Magazine shall contain, as a rule, in addition to literary matter furnished by the editors, a leading article furnished by a member of the Faculty or by an alumna, such articles contributed by members of the College as are deemed suitable by the editors, editorials on subjects of college interest, college and alumnæ notes, and book reviews.

ARTICLE V.

SECTION I. The price of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE shall be two dollars ($2.00) for one year. The price for single copies shall be twenty-five cents ($0.25).

SECT. II. The fiscal year shall be from September to June.

SECT. III. The profits of the fiscal year shall be at the disposal of the Editorial Board of the college class to which the managing editors belong.

* To go into effect with the election of the '97 Board.

† To go into effect with the election of the '97 Board.

SECT. IV. *The accounts of the managing editors for each year shall be audited by some person outside of the Board; the auditor to be chosen by the Editorial Board of the college class to which the managing editors belong.*

ARTICLE VI.

The constitution of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE may be amended by a vote, subject to the approval of the Academic Council, of a majority of the students present at a mass meeting, notice of the amendment and meeting to be given in the following manner:—

The proposed amendment shall be posted in writing on the bulletin boards of the four regular classes and of the Special Organization ten days before it may be acted upon; and notice of the mass meeting at which it is to be voted upon shall be given in chapel and posted upon the before-mentioned bulletin boards three days before the meeting shall be held.

MARY HOLLANDS MCLEAN, '96,
MARY GRACE CALDWELL, '95,
ELIZABETH ALLISON STARK, 95,
Committee on Amendments.

FREE PRESS.

I.

I HAVE just been looking over a fifteen-year-old article on Wellesley, in which we are told that "the ruder and more barbaric" aspects of college life are absent here; that we have no Glee Clubs, no rowing regattas, no ball games, no cliques, no secret societies, no class rivalries and jealousies, no hazing. Truly the world moves—in some direction—even though we have not yet completed the orbit here described. The Wellesley girl of to-day congratulates herself that she did not enter college fifteen, or ten, or five years ago; while the alumna of several years' standing looks on doubtfully, and asks whether this is really a matter for congratulation. For the real changes reach far deeper than Glee Clubs. No one can have observed the college life for a decade without seeing a great change in the college spirit; a change upon which the alumnæ often look with grave apprehension.

But are the changes really so great as they seem? I doubt it. The rosy haze through which we look at the years when we were college students, may perhaps obscure some of the prosaic aspects of the older time. I sometimes believe that the alumnæ think of the college life of their day much as the ministers think of Wellesley when they look down row after row of white-robed figures on the morning of a June Sunday. After all, human nature was human nature then, and the millennium has never been quite at our door.

There is another reason why the differences seem greater than they are. The Wellesley student of ten years ago idealized the Wellesley in which she was actually living as her sister does not. She did not think the College perfect; she even grumbled to an extent that she has perhaps forgotten; but on the whole Wellesley was to her, within no less than without, the College Beautiful.

"Just that," say the alumnæ, "is itself the change that startles us." "Would you have us close our eyes to facts?" retorts the undergraduate. Idealism and realism, here as everywhere. Yet the student of the present day misrepresents herself when she speaks in this fashion. She does love the College, she does believe in it; but the ideal Wellesley is too often for her in the future, as it is for the alumna in the past. Both would be right if they would add their beliefs together, and complete the sum by a belief in the living present. Cannot we all, faculty and students and alumnæ, remember that the ideal is not at all unless it is working itself out yesterday, and to-day, and forever?

M. S. C.

II.

In our class meetings and mass meetings at college, we were always confronted by one great difficulty: the majority of the students took no individual interest in the subject of the meetings; they voted "as the rest did," while the brunt of the work in hand rested, willingly or unwillingly on their part, upon a very few of the students.

Now, after seven months' contact with the larger world, I find the same thing to be true: men, as a rule, seem to take no active interest in politics, business, or life, beyond their own narrow limits; women spend more time in discussing the latest style or the freshest gossip, than in trying to grasp the problem of government, though the latter declare emphatically that they want the ballot. Men vote a party ticket, without regard as to whether their candidate is a good or a bad man for the position, or they remain out of politics entirely because they are so corrupt.

Lest these remarks seem too severe, I will say that my experience has been gained through teaching in a town where the college man or woman is a novelty, and college influence at a minimum; where, nevertheless, a petition to strike the word "male" from the Constitution is unanimously supported, while the interest in education is alarmingly slight.

Yet it is in towns of this character that many of us must do our work. It is in these towns that it is most necessary to arouse a greater and more intelligent interest in the affairs of our time. The girl who while in college devotes her entire time to the study of the past, is not the one who will or can do this. Nor will it be the girl who is content to attend a class meeting and not take her part, through bashfulness or lack of preparation; much less the one who does not go at all.

We hear much of what woman can accomplish; we are told that to her is given the task of reforming politics—through the ballot. But it is by no means necessary to wait for the ballot. If men have failed in government, as I have heard some admit, I believe it is for no other reason than because they as individuals have failed to look earnestly into the subject, and put their views in practice. It is just as easy, and easier, in fact, for women to fail in the same way. It is the easiest thing in the world to let pass that which does not concern us personally.

Study and much knowledge are good in themselves, but for real usefulness they need combining with a general wide-awakeness for our own times, if we would destroy the idea of a college girl as given in a "Bachelor Maid" and "La Belle Helene"; if we would do real good in the world.

Long before the suffrage question and the "new woman," came Paul's advice to his followers, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." That is the highest ideal a college woman can well have; on that principle she may win honor for her Alma Mater in a broad or narrow field.

MABEL C. DODGE, '94.

III.

THE Wellesley student who has been scientifically trained in observation, may have noticed that the first two alcoves and corresponding galleries of the library lack something of that brightness which commonly accompanies a summer noon. The same student, if her training in science has been in part due to Chemistry II., would remember that for many years a large part of the Freshman and Sophomore classes have spent a goodly portion of their precious hours in manufacturing gases of various kinds. She will further recollect that more than two thirds of those gases burn; and in burning give light. Why, then, should this supply be

wasted when the need is so grievous? The gas could be conducted with directness, and by a slight rearrangement of laboratory periods, could be kept steadily on hand. J. P., '96.

IV.

We college girls are too youthful to pose as moralists. Life has not taught us its deep lessons, experience has not widened our vision. We look at subjects through eyes narrowed by convention, blinded by prejudice. A glance over the editorials in the various college periodicals is sufficient proof of this. We feel that some downy youth, with mouth properly dropping at the corners, has essayed to don the preacher's robe. We can catch a glimpse of his boyish jacket between its white folds; we see his frown involuntarily change to a mirthful smile. Conventionalities flow easily from his pen. In them we find not the stamp of thought, of experience. Let us live, let us learn, before we dare to take upon ourselves the responsibility of a teacher. J., '95.

EXCHANGES.

A dainty new periodical of an original sort comes to us this month. It is not the less interesting because it is not a college publication; indeed, all who love art in literature must find it charming. The tiny folio is entitled "The Bibelot: a Reprint of Poetry and Prose, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known." The editor aims to give his readers glimpses of the noble and the beautiful in the works of such authors as are not easily accessible to most students, and to increase the knowledge and appreciation of literary form. The first numbers contain the lyrics of Blake, François Villon's "Ballades," "Medieval Latin Student Songs," and "Fragments from Sappho." The June issue is devoted to "Sonnets on English Dramatic Poets." We take great pleasure in recommending to the readers of our own Magazine this new monthly, which promises to offer a series of prose and verse studies selected by a taste at once discriminating and catholic.

The gladness of summer is in the exchanges of May and June. Perhaps it is this very spirit of anticipatory glee which makes the "solid essay" lacking in both quantity and quality. Most of the serious articles are upon well-

worn subjects, and are grievously suggestive of the class-room exercise. Some bright exceptions to this rule are furnished by the well-written comparison between the short essay and the sonnet in the *Mount Holyoke* for May; by the "Personality of Gladstone" in the *Yale Literary Magazine* for the same month; and by the "Progress of Science" in the *University of Virginia Magazine* for June. Especially worthy of mention is the bright exposition upon "physical chemistry," entitled "Scientific Pastures New," in the *Bryn Mawr Lantern* for June.

Apparently this is the heyday of the college story. The magazines are running over with them, and they are good ones, for the most part. We have the usual thrillingly impossible type upon such convenient topics as ghosts, Indians, and the sea. Contrasted with these are certain quaint tales of Puritan life. The most noticeable are: "In our Early Days," a Harvard story of the time of King Philip's War, in the *Advocate;* and "Alice Putnam," a graceful romance of Salem witchcraft, in the *Yale Literary Magazine.* "The Professor's Love Story," in the *Yale Courant* of June 18th, is also to be mentioned. The brightest story of the month is "Bathos and Blue Ribbon," which is one of the many attractions of the *Bryn Mawr Lantern* for June. It is to be highly eommended for its fresh gaiety of spirit and thoroughly lifelike dialogue.

Unhappily, the verse of the month has been too much affected by the "soote season," for, in most cases, the college singer has degenerated into the spring poet, and his productions consist largely of enumerations of the features of rural scenery. There are, also, some attempts at metrical translation. We give the most musical of these with our other clippings:—

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

SONGS OF PARTING.

I.

When hands we clasp before we part,
  Then well with shuddering grief we prove
How deep from all our life and heart,
  How true and strong, has been our love.

Then trembling griefs the spirit rend,
  Such as ere this we scarce have known,
As if all joy were at an end
  With these sad hours forever flown.

The sunshine of the past again
  Shines through our tears of parting sore,
And all our love and all our pain
  In wondrous longing flame once more.

The distance lies in sunny light,
  The springtime goes o'er every way,
But I approach in gloomy night
  The dawning of another day.

II.

How harshly for mankind ordained it seemeth
  That with the roses thorns must also grow,
And what the sad heart longeth for and dreameth,
  Should have an end, and parting undergo.
In thy sweet eyes I once have read confessing,
  A gleam of love and joy came thence to me:—
God keep thee, love!—it was too dear a blessing!
  God keep thee, love!—such bliss could never be!

Grief, envy, hate on me have spent their powers,
  A weary wanderer, sad and tempest-tried;
I dreamed of quiet then, and peaceful hours,
  Led by the way that brought me to thy side.
In thine embrace I would have joyed possessing,
  And gratefully have given my life to thee:—
God keep thee, love!—it was too dear a blessing!
  God keep thee, love!—such bliss could never be!

The clouds drive by, the wind through branches howling,
  A rainstorm over field and forest flies;
For our farewell the fitting weather, scowling,
  Dark as the sky the world before me lies.
But be the future pleasing or distressing,
  Thou slender maid, in truth I think on thee:—
God keep thee, love!—it was too dear a blessing!
  God keep thee, love!—such bliss could never be!

—*Harvard Advocate.*

BEFORE THE DAWN.

Before the dawn the wind talks low
Among those clustered oaks,—and slow
  They shake responsive murmurs down
  The meadows dim,—the misty brown,
Wet grasses tremble as they go.
Hillward some tender breathings blow
Of violets beneath the snow;
  —Some presages my waiting crown
    Before the dawn.

As in the east gray glimmers grow,
The strange, still harmonies that flow
Into my listening heart shall drown
These shadow-doubts, as will the sun
Those tiny herald clouds, that go
Before the dawn.

—*University of Chicago Weekly.*

MEDIA VITAE.

A world of sky-blue sea and sea-blue sky;
Gulls wheeling, crying up the crystal air;
A broken figure-head slow drifting by,—
Death's very self in such a world is fair.

—*Bryn Mawr Lantern.*

LOST JOY.

I thought I said, "I will go find anew
The gladness that forsook me yesterday."
And so, through many a weary, tangled way,
I wandered lonely, seeking where she flew,
Till, after many days, her form I knew
Far off, and wand'ring in the paths astray;
But all her shining robes were changed for gray,
And, stead of flowers, her head was crowned with rue.

But I made haste to come to her, and cried
That she should stay. And all my heart was glad
To think how soon my pain should find relief.
And in a little while I won her side,
But she was grown unutterably sad
And ev'n her very name was changed to grief.

—*University Cynic.*

SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my sweet:
Out in the garden, beneath thy feet,
Drifts of pale perfume, the rose petals lie;
Golden-eyed stars cluster fast in the sky.
There on my breast,
Slumber and rest,
While the convolvulus sleeps by the wall.

Life and its mysteries thou hast not learned,
Since thy fair face to this gay world was turned;
Or, is it true, what some poet once guessed,
God's chosen secrets to thee are known best?
Yet shall no power
Harm thee, my flower;
The dear little dream god safe hold thee in thrall.

—*Cornell Era.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Princeton Stories, by Jesse Lynch Williams. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. Cloth, $1.00.

Webster's Speech on Bunker Hill Monument, with preface, introduction, and notes by A. J. George, A.M. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Boards, 20 cents.

Burke on Conciliation with America, with introduction and notes by A. J. George, A.M. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Boards, 30 cents.

Poems of Herrick, edited by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Ginn & Co., Boston. Mailing price, $1.00.

Sonya Kovalevsky; translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York Century Co.

Frye's Complete Geography. Ginn & Co., Boston. Price, $1.55.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A regular programme meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in May. The subject of the meeting was Romeo and Juliet. The following programme was given:—

Shakespeare News . . . . . Elizabeth Snyder.
Light and Shadow: A Study of Scenes . Mary McLean.
Dramatic Representation: Act II. Scene V.
The Love Story of Romeo and Juliet . . Constance Emerson.
Dramatic Representation: Act II. Scene II.

On Wednesday, May 29, the Shakespeare Society elected the following officers for the next year: Lucy Constance Emerson, President; Virginia Sherwood, Vice President; Florence Painter, Recording Secretary; Carlotta Swett, Corresponding Secretary; Mabel Wells, Treasurer.

A regular programme meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held May 4 in Society Hall. The subject of the meeting was New York, and the following programme was given :—

Knickerbocker New York . . . Edith A. Howland, '97.
The Dividing Line . . . . Florence T. Forbes, '95.
The Evils of Tenement-House Life: Their Remedies . . . . . Grace L. Addeman, '95.
Jufrow Van Steen: A Farce, Clara Willis and Augusta Blanchard.

At a meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, held June 15, Miss Margaret Henry was initiated into the Society. After the initiation ceremony the officers for next year were installed. They were: Emily H. Brown, President; Mary Hefferan, Vice President; Martha H. Shackford, Recording Secretary; Augusta H. Blanchard, Corresponding Secretary; Mary Montgomery, Treasurer; Helen Gordon, First Marshal; Floyd Smith, Second Marshal. Misses M. K. Conyngton, Helen Drake, Helen Blakeslee, Marion Canfield and Cora Stewart were present at the meeting.

At a meeting of Phi Sigma held Saturday, May 18, the following programme was given :—

Dante's Ascent of the Mount of Expiation . Julia Lyman.
Dante's Angels . . . . . Lilian Brandt.
Song . . . . . Josephine Batchelder.
Analogy between the Purgatorio and Human Life . . . . . Josephine Holley.
Music . . . . . Martha Dalzell.
The Artistic Elements in the Purgatorio . Mabel Davison.

Miss Bailey, '91, Miss Goddard, '92, Miss Lance, '92, Miss Longley, '94, and Miss Stanwood, '94, were present. Miss Mary W. Dewson was initiated into the Society.

At a programme meeting of Phi Sigma, Saturday evening, June 8, the following programme was given :—

Dante's Attainment of the Beatific Vision . Emily Baxter.
Dante's Symbolism . . . . . Gertrude Cushing.
Music . . . . . Martha Dalzell.

Dante's Place in Literature . . . . Mary Lauderburn.
Dante in Art . . . . . Emily Baxter.
Tableau: Dante's Dream.
Miss Emily Shultz, '94, was present.

The installation meeting of Phi Sigma was held May 18 in Society Hall. The following officers were installed: Julia H. Lyman, President; Alice Schouler, Vice President; Abbie Paige, Recording Secretary; Theresa Huntington, Corresponding Secretary; Florence Foley, Treasurer; Martha Dalzell and Grace Ball, Marshals.

At the last regular meeting of the Agora the following programme was given: —

Impromptu speeches.

1. Defeat of the Anti-Socialist Bill in the Reichstag, Mary Prior.
2. Decision of the Supreme Court in Regard to the Income Tax. Helena De Cou and Joanna Parker.
3. Affairs in Armenia . . Mary Haskell and Miriam Hathaway.

Prepared speeches.

I. The Poor, Sick, and Infirm . . . Martha Waterman.
II. Is it Feasible to Separate National Parties from Municipal Politics? Joanna Parker.

A general discussion on the following questions ensued: —

1. Should there be two houses in the City Council?
2. Should the Mayor or the City Council have the preponderance of power.
3. Should the general policy be to elect or to appoint to office?
4. What do Good Government Clubs, Municipal Leagues, etc., do?
5. How is the citizen of the lower class to be educated politically?

The following officers have been elected for the year 1895–'96: —

President . . . . . Louise McNair, '95.
Vice President . . . . . Mary Haskell, '97.
Recording Secretary . . . . Belinda Bogardus, '96.
Corresponding Secretary . . . Miriam Hathaway, '97.
Treasurer . . . . . Gertrude Devol, '97.

Sergeant-at-Arms . . . . . Julia Colles, '97.

Executive Committee . . . { Joanna Parker, '96. Carrie Davis, '97. Katharine Fackenthal, '95.

June 18 the society spent a delightful evening with Miss Coman.

Miss Mary Leavens, '97, has been received into the society.

At the open meeting of the Classical Society, on Saturday evening, May 25, the following programme was given: —

Plautus, the Comedian.

I. Introductory Talk.

Plautus: his Personality and Work . . Julia D. Randall.

II. Scenes from the Comedies.

a. The Soliloquy of Gripus . . (Rudens; Act IV. Scene V.) Grace B. Townsend.

b. The Bewitched Estate . . (Trinummus; Act II. Scene IV.

Philto . . . . . Helen J. Stimpson.

Stasimus . . . . . Mabel F. Rand.

c. The Return of Theuropides . (Mostellaria; Act II. Scene II.)

Theuropides . . . . . Elizabeth Haynes.

Tranio . . . . . Florence E. Hastings.

Callidamates . . . . . Irene Kahn.

At a social meeting of the Classical Society on the evening of June 15, Dr. Webster, Miss Isabel Thyng, '97, Miss Ethelyn Price, '97, and Miss Anna Barnard, '97, were initiated into the society.

On Monday afternoon, June 17, Miss Peck entertained the society at Wellesley Hills.

A regular programme meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon was held Saturday, June 8. The subject of the meeting was Modern English Art. The following programme was given: —

The Work of Sir Frederick Leighton . . . Edith Meade.

The Work of Laurenz Alma-Tadema . . Grace Dennison.

Music . . . . . Lula Holden.

The Work of Marine Art in England . . . Elfie Graff.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Monday evening, April 29, Miss Bates gave a reception to Miss Scudder, in the Faculty parlor. The members of Phi Sigma were invited to help entertain.

Mrs. McLaughlin lectured in the chapel Monday evening, April 29.

Saturday evening, May 4, the Class of '96 elected Miss Elva H. Young as Senior president.

The elocution department gave a Holmes reading in the chapel Saturday afternoon, May 4.

The Beethoven String Quartette gave a delightful concert in the chapel Saturday evening, May 4.

Rev. Mr. Park preached in the chapel Sunday, May 5.

Miss Louise Brown, '92, and Miss Helen Blakeslee, '95, spent Sunday, May 5, at College.

Monday, May 6, Miss Denio gave a reception in the Art Building, in honor of Rev. and Mrs. Fred. K. Allen, of Boston. At the same time the societies Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha received their friends in Society Hall. The hall was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers. Soon after the arrival of the guests, dancing began in Elocution Hall.

Monday night, Rev. Fred. K. Allen lectured on Life in the German Studios. The lecture was especially interesting, because Mr. Allen spoke largely from personal experience.

Monday afternoon, May 13, the delightful custom of entertaining in the Boathouse was ushered in by Misses Peale, Addeman, Augsbury, and Underwood, who gave a most enjoyable dance.

On Tuesday, May 14, drawing for rooms began.

Miss Mary Conyngton, '94, and Miss Anna Tomlinson, '93, were at college Thursday, May 16.

Miss Alice Newman returned from a winter in California, May 15.

Saturday, May 18, President Hyde of Bowdoin, and President Walker of the Institute of Technology, visited the College.

Saturday afternoon, May 18, Mrs. Sidney Lanier gave a most enjoyable reading, selections being chosen from her husband's works.

Saturday night, May 18, a most unique social event occurred. A Blanket Wrapper Party was given in the Main Building. All guests were supposed to conform to the prescribed method of dress, a blanket wrapper and braided hair. The refreshments were equally novel.

On Monday afternoon, May 20, the members of Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, gave a most delightful reception in the gymnasium.

Monday night, May 20, the Beacon Male Quartette of Boston gave a concert.

Miss Howard, the first President of Wellesley, visited the College Thursday, May 23. She was received with cheers and glad greetings everywhere.

Thursday night, May 23, Mr. Percy Alden, of Mansfield House, London, lectured on the work at Mansfield House. Mr. Alden is the foremost University Settlement man in the world, and his lecture was most interesting and instructive.

Miss Minnie Miller, formerly of the Class of '97, sailed Wednesday, May 29, for Germany, where she expects to spend a year in the study of music.

The '95 "Legendas" were put on sale Monday, May 27. Their plan is very original, and the interest they caused was shown by the rapid sale which followed.

On Monday afternoon, May 27, the Class of '96 entertained the Class of '97 in the Boathouse. The chief feature of the afternoon was the Maypole dance, given by twelve of the Juniors in the rotunda of the Boathouse.

Monday night, May 27, the Glee and Banjo Club concert was given.

The Seniors of Stone Hall gave a dance Wednesday night, May 29.

The 30th of May the College welcomed as a holiday.

Miss Denio, with a party of eight young ladies, sailed June 1 to Europe, for a summer tour.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer visited the College, Saturday, June 1.

Monday, June 3, the Shakespeare Society gave the "Winter's Tale."

Monday night, June 3, a concert was given by the Beethoven Society, assisted by Mr. Wulf Fries and Miss Marjorie Spaulding.

Sunday, June 9, the Rev. Mr. Rousmaniere, of New Bedford, preached in the chapel.

Sunday night, June 9, the Rev. Mr. Clark, the great Christian Endeavor worker, lectured in the chapel on Missionary Fields.

The last students' concert of the year was given in the chapel Monday night, June 10.

After the gaieties of Float, the College was suddenly recalled to the practicalities of life by the beginning of the final examinations, on Wednesday, June 12.

Sunday, June 16, Dr. Willcox preached in the chapel.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: For the Glee Club, Miss Mary Montgomery, President; Miss Helen Cushing, Leader. For the Banjo Club, Miss Mary W. Allen, President; Miss Florence Painter, Leader; Miss Elizabeth Hiscox, Business Manager; Miss Mabel Spaulding, Factotum.

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAY.

June third dawned rather inauspiciously, but the clouds without could not even cast a reflection within; and the Winter's Tale, given by the Shakespeare Society, in the gymnasium, surely needed no sunshine to make it complete. The Society chose for presentation the last two acts of the play, and whether "with malice aforethought" or no, there was for each actor a part fitted peculiarly for her.

The *Dramatis Personæ* were :—

Leontes, King of Sicilia	Grace Miller.
Camillo, Cleomenes, Dion, — Three Lords of Sicilia	Christine Caryl. Louise Loomis. Carlotta Swett.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia	Constance Emerson.
Florizel, son to Polixenes	Virginia Sherwood.
An Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita,	Elizabeth Snyder.
Clown, son to the Old Shepherd	Susan Dodge.
Autolycus, a rogue	Geneva Crumb.
First Gentleman	Florence Painter.
Second Gentleman	Emily Johnson.
Third Gentleman	Effie Work.
Servant to the Shepherd	Mary Allen.
Hermione, queen to Leontes	Virginia Sherwood.
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione,	Elizabeth Adams.
Paulina, friend to Hermione	Alice Hunt.
Mopsa, Dorcas, — Shepherdesses	Cornelia Park. Katharine Connor.

Lords, Ladies, Attendants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Scene, Bohemia and Sicilia.

One of the most charming bits of the play was the dance of the shepherds and shepherdesses. We could well imagine a happy Harvest Home in picturesque sixteenth-century England, with the pretty little shepherdesses and their somewhat shy and awkward, though thoroughly gallant, admirers.

Hermione, as she stood against her dark green hangings, the perfect production of the sculptor, was a never-ceasing source of wonder and admiration to the audience. Perdita deserves heartiest congratulations and praise; for, while the audience could never have guessed it, her part was by necessity prepared in two days.

On June 21 the Society was able to repeat the play on the campus, to the delight of their fortunate friends. With the picturesque setting, the beauty of the scene was made complete, and every part enhanced thereby.

TREE DAY.

On June seventh, Wellesley celebrated her most delightful and truly individual holiday—Tree Day. When the guests had assembled, at two o'clock, the voices of choristers chanting a Latin hymn were heard approaching, and soon the archbishop, accompanied by his retinue of cardinals, monks, nuns, and choir boys, appeared. One easily recognized them as Sophomores because of their large numbers. The Specials, representing Dianas, were followed by the Juniors, clad in Highland costume, and heralded by a *bona fide* bagpiper, not a member of the Junior Class. Then came '98, a motley pack of cards, and the little gypsy troupe of '99. Last, and best of all, the Seniors in cap and gown. Miss Kelsey, president of the class, delivered the address of welcome. The exercises were interesting and original; and if the Senior cap did object to being sacrificed on the altar of Athena, it was no more than natural, nor could any one expect to know beforehand that a smoky incense would arise sufficient to asphyxiate the college authorities.

The Freshman exercises were opened by Miss Dalzell, mistress of ceremonies, who introduced the orator, Miss Rousmaniere. The spade was presented by Miss Helen Gordon, '97, and was received by Miss Ely. The dance which followed represented a game of whist, most gracefully and skilfully played. After the exercises, class pictures and groups were taken, as usual. The Seniors took supper together at Norumbega, and later in the evening serenaded the different buildings.

The Juniors met at Tupelo at sunset, for toasts and cheering for their friend, the bagpiper, across the lake.

The day ended merrily with dancing in the gymnasium, and was pronounced by all thoroughly successful and unique.

FLOAT.

Not even the literature examinations at 9 A. M. on the 12th could cast a cloud over the brightness of the 11th of June. Float, which depends for its success entirely upon the weather, was favored with sunshine and a cooling breeze. All the afternoon guests were arriving, and were entertained at the various college buildings, where supper was served. By six o'clock the usual

crowd was assembled in the Boathouse and on the shores of the lake. People were still arriving, and anxious hostesses were searching for belated guests; but, in the main, the crowd was on the alert for the advent of the crews. At last they made their appearance, winding their way along the brow of the hill. The sight, although pretty, was not as brilliant as usual, for the white and gold suits of the '93 crew and the crimson and apple green of '94 were not replaced in picturesque qualities by the brown of '96 or the dark green of '97. The white duck suits of the Special crew, however, lent a welcome brightness to the sombre-hued company. The crews proceeded at once to the Boathouse, whence one after another the boats shot out into the lake, and after the customary rowing back and forth the boats assembled within the radius of the rays of the calcium light, and the singing began. The programme was noticeable for the large proportion of new songs, which, though enjoyed and appreciated, necessarily crowded out some of the old-time favorites for which the conservative mind longed. An absence of enthusiasm and a peculiarly feminine note in the cheering seemed to indicate that our Harvard contingent was smaller than usual. The fireworks, however, were finer than usual, and made up in a measure for the absence of spirit in the cheering.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

On the night of June 20, '95 held its class dinner at the Newton Club, Newtonville, Mass. The class history, "The Psychological Development of the Senior Class," was presented by Miss Caroline Jacobus and Miss Elizabeth R. Waite. After the elegant *menu* was served, the following toasts were given :—

Miss Elizabeth Hale Peale . . . . . Toastmistress.

Ich Dine (?); Dein (?), Dieu (?) . . . Sara Weed.

"For what thou cans't do thyself rely not on another."

Our President . . . . . Iza Skelton.

"From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

Those Junior Teas . . . . . Mabel Davison.

"For it so falls out that what we have we prize not to the worth."

'95's Syc-a-more Trees . . . . . Grace Caldwell.

"And thereby hangs a tale."

Senior Day . . . . . Edith Jones.
"Whatever day makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

'95 As It Sees Itself . . . . . Helen Kelsey.
"Ever with desert goes diffidence."

Are Honorary Members Advantageous? { Martha Waterman. / Alice Hunt.
"Conspicuous by their absence."

'95's Ho(o)pes . . . . . Harriet Lance.
"We have some salt of our youth in us."

Alma Mater . . . . . May Pitkin.
"Here is everything advantageous to life."

The evening was closed with the class prophecy, given by Miss Gertrude Jones and Miss Sophie Voorhees.

Saturday afternoon, June 22, Mrs. Durant entertained the Seniors and their friends at her home. Miss Kelsey, the Senior President, received with Mrs. Durant.

At the President's reception, Saturday night, June 22, Mrs. Irvine received the Seniors and their friends in the Stone Hall parlor.

The services of Baccalaureate Sunday began with the Senior prayer meeting at half past nine o'clock in Stone Hall parlor, under the leadership of Miss Kelsey.

The clergyman of the day was Bishop John Vincent, of Chautauqua, who took for his text, "Exercise thyself unto godliness." His sermon was an exposition of the all-pervading influence of religion, and of the possibility of attaining the highest Christian ideals in the active life of the world. The noblest character, said Mr. Vincent, may be formed by self-examination and criticism, by intercourse with nature, and by seeking the counsel of our wisest friends. To these means must be added communion with God and Christ, and the use of the Sabbath as a time of soul rest. Active service given in a spirit of patient love to all in need he called the final requirement for the well-rounded Christian life.

After the invocation the Beethoven Society sang "The Lord is my Shepherd," by Henry Smart, and as a response to the prayer "O Lord be Merciful," a motet by O. B. Brown.

The Seniors and their friends were invited to attend an afternoon service at St. Andrew's Chapel, in memory of the late Phillips Brooks. A bishop's chair was presented to the church by the Class of '89, of which Dr. Brooks was an honorary member.

The special vesper service, which is always one of the pleasantest features of Baccalaureate Sunday, was held, as usual, at half past six. The following musical programme was given :—

Prayer in E flat . . . . . Lemaigre.

ORGAN SOLO.

"And God shall wipe away all tears" . . Sullivan.

SOLO BY FRAULEIN BEINHORN.

"The night hath a thousand eyes" . . G. W. Marston.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.

Vorspiel . . . . . Wagner.

ORGAN SOLO.

"There is a land mine eye hath seen" . . Crowninshield.

SOLO BY MISS CHASE.

"Protect us through the coming night" . Curschmann.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.

Invocation in B flat . . . . . Guilmant.

ORGAN SOLO.

The Glee and Banjo Club concert on Monday afternoon, June 24, was particularly attractive this year, as it was given on the campus by Longfellow, instead of in the college chapel, as usual. The groups of girls in white against the green background of grass and trees made the effect charming and picturesque. The following programme was given :—

I. Jolly Darkies . . . . . Brooks and Denton.

BANJO CLUB.

II. The College Beautiful { Words by Katharine Lee Bates. Music by C. H. Morse.

GLEE CLUB.

III. La Rose Blanche . . . . . J. C. Arnold.

MANDOLINS AND GUITARS.

IV. (*a*) The Hobby . . . . . Sue Lum.
(*b*) The Model College Girl . . Ritter.

GLEE CLUB.

V. Honeymoon March . . . . . Rosey.

BANJO SEXTETTE.

VI. (*a*) Margarita . . . . . A. B. Hawley.
(*b*) My College Girl { Words by Alice W. Kellogg, '94. Music by Junius W. Hill.

GLEE CLUB.

VII. Love's Dream After the Ball . Arr. by E. G. Harbaugh.

MANDOLINS AND GUITARS.

VIII. (*a*) Proposal . . . . . G. L. Osgood.
(*b*) Cupid's Lottery . . . . A. W. Platte.
(*c*) Mens Sana . . { Words by Katharine Lee Bates. Music by Junius W. Hill.

IX. Medley . . . . . .

BANJO CLUB.

X. (*a*) Fourth Floor South . . . Mary Alice Knox.
(*b*) Medley . . . . . Mary Alice Knox.

GLEE CLUB.

The effect of the music by the Mandolin and Guitar Sextette was especially beautiful in the open air, and the song most enjoyed was "'Neath the Oaks of Our Old Wellesley," an adaptation of the Trinity College song.

The Commencement concert, in the evening, was given by the Germania orchestra of Boston, and Mr. Arthur Beresford, basso. The solos of Mr. Beresford were particularly fine, and to all lovers of good music the concert was thoroughly delightful.

The fair promise of Commencement morning, darkened by clouds and light rain at noonday, was fulfilled in the beauty of the long twilight and evening.

Throughout the forenoon, well-filled coaches and carriages were bringing the commencement guests, and by three o'clock the chapel was crowded, while many of the friends were obliged to stand outside during the first part of the exercises. The need of a new college chapel was impressed more forcibly than usual upon the minds of all present. The programme was opened by an organ prelude by Prof. Junius W. Hill, Mendelssohn's "Be not Afraid," from the chorus from Elijah, and Mozart's Andante from the quartette in D minor. Then followed the responsive reading in Latin of the 136th Psalm, after which prayer was offered by Dr. Shinn, of Newton. The Beethoven Society then sang, "Now Gentle Spring Her Flowers," by St. Säens. The orator of the day was Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., LL.D., of Princeton. His theme was "Liberty," its nature and practical value in society. He maintained that liberty is not, as is so often accorded, the negation of restraint, but, to a degree, the reverse; inasmuch as its elemental qualities are order, union, and a certain sort of restraint. "There can be freedom only where there is co-operation." That which one admires in life is the regular; poise, deliberation, self-possession, in all of which there is the presence of restraint. This principle, applied to liberty in general, the speaker showed to be necessary to the particular forms in which liberty expresses itself: individual liberty, in which there must be adjustment between the individual and the place which he fills in life; political liberty, where great results are obtained through conservation of energy, and where, through fulfillment of the law, man loses his claim to life and property, when he does not use them in the interest of the community; social liberty, in which only through perfect adjustment of personal relations, the highest life of the individual can be lived. The practical value of liberty, thus defined, the speaker believed to lie in the possibilty of the better understanding of one's fellow-men, in which only true progress can consist.

After the address, Dr. McKenzie gave the official announcement of Dr. Julia J. Irvine's election to the Presidency of Wellesley College, and Miss Margaret Stratton's election to the office of Dean. The Beethoven Society then gave the following selections: "Sing Softly, O Sirens," by Boito, and Johns's "Golden-Haired May." After the conferring of degrees by President

Irvine, and the rendering of Lassen's "Spanish Gypsie Girl" by the Beethoven Society, the closing prayer and benediction were offered by Dr. McKenzie, and the afternoon exercises brought to a close. The organ postlude, by Professor Hill, was Flotow's "Overture to Alessandro Stradella."

The exercises were followed by Commencement dinner in the College dining hall. After the banquet was served, President Irvine spoke a few words of welcome on the occasion of the seventeenth commencement of Wellesley, and gave warm tribute to Mrs. Durant, as the "hostess of the day." Dr. McKenzie followed with delightful recollections of former years, and especially of the Class of '85, of which he is a most loyal member. His underlying theme was of the continuity in thought, in life, and in spirit which remains unbroken down the years, in spite of changes in method and means of work. He spoke most appreciatively of the Class of '95, reminding them, in closing, that the going out of life is to give life, and that through the waking of personality, men shall be drawn together in the common bond of love, which finds its best expression in the beautiful motto of the College, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Dr. Clark then spoke, as the representative of the new members upon the Board of Trustees. He paid appreciative tribute to the memory of Mr. Durant, and to his spirit which still lives in the college life of to-day. The object of this college life he believed to be the lesson of application, the power to give the mind to the thing immediately at hand, through the development of which faculty the hidden depths of life may be grasped.

Dr. Wilson, the orator of the day, took for his after-dinner theme the relativity of the past to the present. The purpose of life he declared to be to know one's fellow-men. All else should be but a means to this. The best assurance that one has for the future must be drawn from knowledge of the past. Old things interpret the new. The past is the inspiration of the future. Therefore to know the past and live in the present is to live wisely and well.

After the song "Mens Sana," by the Glee Club, Mrs. Tuttle, of the Class of '80, spoke for the Alumnæ. Her thought was of the loyalty of the Alumnæ to their Alma Mater, and the common sisterhood which binds the graduates of to-day with those of the past, making them one in purpose and desire.

Miss Knox represented the Faculty, and took for her theme the changes and developments which have taken place during the eleven years of her connection with the College: changes in Faculty, college grounds, and buildings; formation of new societies and clubs; development of Magazine and Legenda — through all the spirit of life and progression, which promises for Wellesley yet richer fulfillment in the days to come.

Mrs. Irvine then announced that the Class of '95 had made a gift of money for the fitting up of an infirmary,— a much-needed addition to the College.

After the singing of "Alma Mater" and "'Neath the Oaks of Our Old Wellesley" by the Glee Club, the guests adjourned to the centre and Faculty Parlor, where the final reception of the week was held. This is, perhaps, the most popular reception of the year, coming just at the close of the Commencement season. The grounds are bright with the twinkling lights of Japanese lanterns, and the strains of orchestral music from the corridor above mingle pleasantly with the sound of many voices. It is the time when good-byes are said; and that which has seemed incomplete and unsatisfactory during the year is forgotten in the cheer of good fellowship and song.

Late in the evening the Seniors serenaded the different houses, singing the favorite college songs, and with the midnight brought the long day to a close.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The regular annual meeting of the Southern Wellesley Association was held in Louisville, Ky., on the evening of April 26, at 1505 Fourth Avenue, Miss Lizette Hast being the hostess. Among those present were Mrs. Mary Young Allison, Mrs. Mary Parker Callahan, Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Thomas, of Mayfield, Ky., Misses May Stone, Abbe Goodloe, Susanna Look, Mattie Castleman, Margaret Anderson, Abbie McGuire, Minerva Phelps, of Richmond, Ky., Mrs. Mary Castleman Mengel and Mrs. Jennie Gilmore Knott. Mrs. Allison was re-elected President of the Association for the ensuing year, Miss Clara Look, Vice President, Miss May Stone, Secretary and Treasurer. At the dinner which followed the business meeting Miss Goodloe was toast mistress, and the toasts were proposed and responded to with much enthusiasm. A very welcome addition to the pro-

gramme was "The Wellesley Girl as an Author," offered in honor of Miss Goodloe, whose stories of girls' college life are now appearing in *Scribner's*. College news was heard with great interest, and the meeting served to bring all the members who were present into a closer sympathy with the Wellesley of to-day.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON OF THE NEW YORK WELLESLEY CLUB.

The Wellesley Club of New York held its second annual luncheon at the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, on Saturday, May 11, at 1 o'clock. There were over eighty present, and the occasion was in every way delightful. Among the guests of the Club were Mrs. Pauline A. Durant, Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, Bishop Potter of New York, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie of the *Outlook*. After luncheon the president, Mrs. Anna Phillips See, introdueed the following speakers: Mrs. Louise McCoy North, '79, of the Board of Trustees, "Wellesley's Twentieth Year;" Mrs. Durant, "The Student's Aid Society;" Mr. Mabie, "The Old and the New in Edueation;" Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92, "Athletics in Women's Colleges;" Mrs. Harriet Seoville Devan, '83, "Woman as Patriot;" and Bishop Potter, "What a Woman ought to do with her Learning." The club then ealled for Mrs. Irvine, who rose for a moment on behalf of the College. The luncheon brings to a elose the meetings of the season, whieh have been of more than usual interest. Their suecess has been in large measure due to the untiring efforts of the president, Mrs. See, and the executive eommittee, under the leadership of its chairman, Mrs. Bessie Vail Billings.

After the eleetion of offieers at the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club, held May 18, at the Hotel Metropole, a luneh was served, and the afternoon proved a delightful one though the attendanee was small. The officers for the ensuing year are President, Miss Sweatman, '79–82; Vice President, Miss Frances Palen, '85–90; Seeretary, Miss Blake, '94; Treasurer, Miss Leypoldt, '81–82; Direetor, Miss Foss, '94.

Miss Clementine Bacheler, '80, who has been studying in Berlin, Paris, and Oxford, will spend the summer in English and Scottish travel.

Miss Seraph Brown, Sp., '80, has been in Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Carrie Soule Metcalf, '80, is about to accompany her husband, Professor Metcalf, of Carleton College, Minn., to Europe, for a year of study in Germany. Miss Edith E. Metcalf, '86, will cross with them for rest after her two years of independent settlement work among the poor of Chicago.

Miss Henriette Merwin, '80–81, and Miss Cordelia Brittingham, '80–82, have been teaching in Miss Dana's school, 163 South Street, Morristown, New Jersey.

Mrs. Martha Dean Ross, of Columbus, Wis., is Grand Worthy Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star for the State of Wisconsin.

Miss E. Louise Patten, '80–83, is secretary of Y. W. C. A., Holyoke, Mass.

Miss Amelia Hall, '84, and Miss Martha Conant, '90, entertained Miss Bates and the dramatic seminary at Walnut Hill School, Natick. Miss Charlotte Conant, '84, and Miss Florence Bigelow, '84, were the guests of the evening.

Miss Carrie J. Cook, '84, Miss Alice M. Allen, '85, Miss Mary R. Gilman, '88, and Mlle. M. L. Reuche sail on June 19, and will spend the summer in Europe.

Miss Amanda C. Northrop, '84–85, has been teaching in Mrs. Lockwood's school, 150 East 37th Street, New York.

Mrs. Nettie Wood Draper, Sp., '85, is now living at 32 Centre Street, Brookline, Mass. Dr. Draper, who is oculist at the Boston Dispensary, practices his specialty at 399 Boylston Street, Boston.

Mrs. Willieta Goddard Ball, '87, Miss Maude Ryland Keller, '92, Miss Delarue Howe, Miss Florence Hoopes, and Miss Elinor Ruddle, '93, Miss Mabel Keller, Mus., '94, Miss Louise Pope, '94, with Professor Denio as chaperone, sailed for Genoa, June 1. The permanent address of each member of the party up to September is, care Brown, Shipley & Co., Founders Court, London, England.

Miss Clara M. Keefe, '88, is doing tutoring in Dublin, N. H.

Miss Nellie M. Mason, '85–88, has been teaching in Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

Miss Rose Sears, '90, who has been teaching in Huguenot Seminary, Wellington, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, is recovering from a serious illness, and hopes to return to America soon and study medicine.

Miss Mollie Crawford, '91, has been teaching in Mrs. Wild's School, New York.

Miss Minnie Morss, '91, has successfully conducted a class in Political Economy among working girls during the past year.

Miss Carrie Perkins, '91, spent Sunday, May 26, at College.

The engagement of Miss Bessie Plimpton, formerly '91, is announced.

Miss Genevieve Stuart, '91, who has been tutoring at 1961 Madison Avenue, New York, spent May 15–18, at the College.

Miss Grace E. Davis, '89–91, has been teaching in the High School, Franklin Falls, N. H.

Miss Nellie B. Jordan, '89–91, has been giving private lessons in French and German in Lewiston, Maine.

Miss Florence Converse, '92, came to Denison House, 93 Tyler Street, Boston, May 23, where she will remain during the month of June.

Miss Margaret Hardon, '92, has completed her course in architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Next year Miss Hardon will study decorative art in Paris.

Mrs. Helen Chambers Roberts, '92, visited College May 16, and sailed on the Majestic to Europe, May 22.

Miss Lylie Foster, '93, with her sister and brother, are spending the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Mattie Hocker Jenkins, '93, has a little daughter about three months old.

Miss Conyngton, '93, and Miss Tomlinson, '93, visited College May 16.

Miss Matilda P. Goulding, '91–93, who has been teaching in the High School, Vergennes, Vt., accepted a position in Mt. Hermon School, Mass., in April.

Miss Alice Mae Reed, '93, will spend the summer in camp at Eliot, Maine.

Miss Julia Burgess, '94, has been teaching at Silver Creek, N. Y.

Miss Isabel Campbell, '94, sailed for Europe, Tuesday, July 2, 1895.

Miss Florence W. Davis, '94, has recently been teaching in the High School, Braintree, Mass.

Miss Fanny M. Pettingill, '92–94, has been teaching in the public schools, Saxton's River, Vt.

Miss Ethel Stanwood, '94, sailed May 24 for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

The Wellesley College Alumnæ Association met in the chapel on Wednesday morning, June 26, at ten o'clock. The president, Miss Charlotte H. Conant, '84, after calling for the minutes and the treasurer's report, mentioned the death, during the past year, of two members of the Association,—Mrs. Ollie Easton Narregang, '83, and Mrs. Lena Brown Preston, '90. Miss Lauderburn, '90, presented the report of the committee on Register, and Miss Bigelow, '84, that of the committee appointed to confer with the graduates of the Schools of Music and Art.

President Irvine next read and explained a most interesting report from the Treasurer of the College, Mr. Alpheus H. Hardy. This report included a trial balance of the Funds of the College, the amount invested against them, and the state of their incomes on June 1, 1895. The Treasurer also stated that a report of the annual income and expenditure of the College would be made up to August 1 (the end of the fiscal year), and presented to the September meeting of the Trustees. It is understood that this complete report will be generally circulated among the friends of the College.

Mrs. Paul, '81, then read the report of Miss Sanborn, '84, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Alumnæ. The committee recommended that the memorial to President Shafer take the form of a partial endowment of the chair of mathematics. This recommendation was adopted, and the following were chosen as the Finance Committee for the coming year: Miss A. R. Brown, '83, Miss C. H. Conant, '84, Miss E. F. Pendleton, '86, Miss Alice W. Kellogg, '94, Miss Bertha Denis, '84.

Miss Charlotte H. Conant then presented the report of the committee appointed to consider the method of choosing Alumnæ Trustees. The

method presented was so excellent and so thoroughly worked out, that the Association at once adopted the plan recommended, and proceeded to choose the committee called for by its provisions.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of Mrs. Frances Pearsons Plimpton, '84, as President; Miss Grace Andrews, '90, as Vice President; Mrs. Elizabeth Blakeslee Tracy, '91, as Recording Secretary; Miss Candace C. Stimson, '92, as Treasurer.

The Association then adjourned to the dining room, where nearly two hundred and fifty places were taken; and after a busy interval the president, acting as toastmistress, heartily welcomed to the gathering the members of the Association, both new and old, and the guests, Mrs. Durant, Miss Howard, Miss Stratton, and Mrs. Irvine.

Mrs. Durant responded for "Our Guests" with those cordial, earnest words which the Alumnæ always value so deeply. She announced a scholarship, given during the year, in honor of Miss Howard, first President of Wellesley, who would annually name the recipient.

The Glee Club responded most charmingly for Wellesley music. Then Mrs. Ruth Morrill Starrett spoke loyally for "Our Chaperones." She said that if the husbands were present, they would see to it that the claims of these ladies to honor were not unmentioned. Home first, she assured the Association, is the motto of the married contingent; careers afterwards, except, of course, the husband's career, in which every good wife is an important factor and a not silent partner.

Miss Kelsey said that the Class of '95 had especially tried to break down the barriers between college classes, and promote a spirit of fraternity among all. Miss Kendrick, '85, responded gracefully to the toast of "Our Leaders," saying that we found the College but a fitting school for the University—the college and the university but the fitting schools for life. The tie that held us together was the love for our school, whose peculiar gifts are the love of beauty and the spirit of service which she awakens in us. Some of us take one course in the University of Life, some another. Better a freshman in life than a senior in college.

Miss Bates replied to the toast "College Precedents," that they had always been in her way. People talked of setting a precedent as they would of setting a hen, and no one knew what ugly ducklings might be hatched

from the nest. But there are three precedents dear to every Wellesley heart —service, self-development, and liberty.

Mrs. Irvine said that she had been asked what was the greatest need of Wellesley, and that "money" was suggested as an answer; but that this was a mistake, for no college was made successful *first* by money. Money follows where it is led. It is the slave, and not the master. What the College needs is to be understood, and she asks of the Alumnæ that they make her understood.

The exercises were especially enjoyable, and closed with the singing of the Alumnæ Song by the whole body of Alumnæ present. This number was unusually large, and included about ninety members of the graduating class.

The annual meeting of the Wellesley Alumnæ Chapter of the College Settlements Association was held on Commencement morning, June 25, in Lecture Room 1. At the business meeting the treasurer's report was given and reports of the work accomplished by the vice-electors. Owing to the large majority required by the constitution, there was a failure to elect the secretary and treasurer for the next two years. It was accordingly voted to conduct the ballot by correspondence. Prof. Vida D. Scudder gave a most inspiring talk on the Settlement work.

The annual meeting of the Electoral Board of the College Settlements Association was held in New York on May 4, 1895. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Susan Walker (Bryn Mawr); Vice President, Miss M. Katharine Jones (Elmira); Secretary, Miss Caroline L. Williamson (Wellesley); Treasurer, Miss Cornelia Warren (non-collegiate); Fifth Member, Miss Bertha Hazard (Vassar). In connection with the regular meeting a series of conferences were held, beginning Friday evening, May 3, and ending Sunday evening, May 5. Representatives from the leading American settlements and Mr. Alden, of Mansfield House, London, were present.

The Class of '89 presented to St. Andrew's Church, Wellesley, a bishop's chair, in memory of their honorary member, the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks. At the Sunday service, at 4.30 P. M., on June 23, the chair was received by the rector in the name of the parish, and an address on Phillips Brooks was made by Rev. Dr. Shinn, of Newton. The members of '89 then at the college were present at the service.

Miss Essie Thayer, '87, and Miss Josephine Thayer, '92, sailed for a year or more in Europe the early part of June.

Fifteen members of the Class of '80 were present at their fifteenth reunion. They were: Emily C. Ayer, Katharine Lee Bates, Harriet C. Blake, Edwina Shearn Chadwick, Marion Pelton Guild, Minnie A. Hall, Emily Norcross, Helen Womersley Norcross, Charlotte F. Roberts, Harriet Rood, Catharine Eno Russell, Mary Silverthorne, Lilian N. Stoddard, Adaline Emerson Thompson, Anna Stockbridge Tuttle.

The reunion began with a class dinner at the home of Prof. Bates and Prof. Roberts, the resident members of '80, on Sunday, June 23. Letters were read from the absent members, and photographs of some of "our fifteen husbands and most of our forty-three babies" were on exhibition. On Monday, after the Phi Sigma and Shakespeare breakfasts, the '80s, brilliant with scarlet streamers, took carriages for Wellesley Hills, where they were given a lunch by their classmate Helen Womersley Norcross. A class ride in the evening closed the festivities of the day.

Tuesday morning the '80s attended in a body the meeting of the Wellesley Alumnæ Chapter of the College Settlements Association, and then adjourned to the new Chemical Laboratory, the special domain of Professor Roberts. After sitting for its photograph the class partook of a chafing-dish lunch served on the daintiest of chemical glass and porcelain.

On Wednesday, after the Alumnæ Banquet, the '80s crowned the pleasure of the occasion by gathering in the Horsford parlor about their honorary member, Miss Howard, the first President of Wellesley.

The reunion of the Class of '89 was held at the Copley Square Hotel in Boston at 1.00 P. M., Saturday, June 22. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Mary L. Bean Jones, Miss Alice Brewster, vice-president of the class, presided. Thirty-nine members, including Miss Case and the class baby with her father, were present. Little Natalie Hensel was the centre of attraction, and won all hearts. Nearly all of the absent mammas sent pictures of their babies. It was decided to hold the next reunion in 1899.

The fifth-year reunion of the Class of '90 occurred on Saturday afternoon, June 22, in the pleasant halls of Walnut Hill School, owing to the generous hospitality of Miss Charlotte Conant and Miss Florence Bigelow

of '84. There were thirty-seven present, and greetings were sent in the form of telegrams or letters from many of the absent members. It was found that of the graduate members there were twenty who had taken a second degree since the commencement of five years ago: four a degree of M.A., and sixteen of Mrs. As far as could be ascertained after most careful examination by various methods, the following is the list of candidates for the degree of Mrs.: Rosa Dean, Anna Arnold, Carol Dresser, Helen Dempsey, Lucia Morrill. This list is subject to expansion. As to our class babies, we can proudly say, "We are seven," but, from all accounts, a very vigorous seven.

The Class of '92 held its second reunion in Boston at the Hotel Brunswick on Saturday, June 22. A brief business meeting was called at two o'clock, in which news of members present and absent was given in answer to the roll call. Two members of the class take their second degree in June, several receive the no less valued title of bride, and a still larger number go abroad for travel and study. At three o'clock a banquet was served in the dining-room, which was tastefully decorated with the class flowers. Several were obliged to leave before this time, but about thirty remained through the afternoon. After the company had done justice to the excellent and well-served repast, the President, as Toastmistress, called for responses to the following toasts: '92, Our Brides, The Rising Generation, A Song of Degrees, The Class Letters, The Wide, Wide World, La Vérité, The Founders of Our Alma Mater. The time passed all too quickly, and the class separated with reluctance at half past five.

The first reunion of the Class of '94 was held at the Hotel Bellevue, Boston, on Wednesday evening, June 26. About fifty members of the class were present, and enjoyed a most delightful reunion. The toasts were as follows: Alma Mater, Miss Field; The Faculty, Miss Thompson; The Class, Miss Angell; Our Silver-Leaved Willow, Miss Bridgman; Our Green Boathouse, Miss Campbell; Our Bride, Miss McGuire; Our Schoolma'ams, Miss Effie McMillan; The Rest of Us, Miss Laughlin; The Wide, Wide World, Miss Randolph. Toastmistress, Miss Shultz.

The society Tau Zeta Epsilon held its reunion Monday morning, June 24, in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall in the Art Building.

Miss Luther, Mrs. Carlton, and Mrs. Jones of '90, Miss Myrick, Miss Emerson, and Miss Woodin of '92, Miss Bridgman, Miss Edwards, Miss Finnigan, Miss Helen and Miss Effie McMillan of '94, and Miss Bullock, Special, were at the College during Commencement.

The Agora held its third reunion on Monday, June 24. Miss Park, '92, Miss Damon '93, Misses Kellogg, Vinal, Field, Hibbard, Bateman, Foley, Burgess, were present.

Society Zeta Alpha held its annual reunion Monday afternoon, June 24, in Society Hall. Miss Angsbury, '95, acted as toastmistress, and many toasts on the Society past and present were responded to by the Alumnæ and active members. The Society was glad to welcome back so many of its old members. Among others were Mrs. Tuttle, '80, Miss Stoddard, '80, Miss Horton, '89, Miss Lebus, '89, Miss Soule, '89, Miss Barrows, '90, Miss Wall and Miss Hoyt, of '91, Miss Morgan, '92, Miss Bigelow, Miss Grenelle and Miss Hazard, '93, Miss Canfield, Miss Angell, Miss Millard, Miss Drake of '94, Miss Mix and Miss Stewart, Sp.

The annual Alumnæ Breakfast of the Phi Sigma Society was held in Society Hall, Monday morning, June 24, at 10.30 o'clock. Miss Bates, '80, acted as toastmistress. Phi Sigma "As It Is and Is to Be," was responded to by Miss Pitkin, '95. The owl was toasted by Miss Woodin, '96. Phi Sigma "As it Was," was answered by Miss Norcross, '80; the "Eclipse," by Miss Clark, '90; and Miss Curtis closed the morning by responding to the toast, "The Chapter House."

Between twenty-five and thirty of the Alumnæ were present.

The Shakespeare Society held its annual breakfast in Shakespeare Hall, Monday morning, June 24.

The Society was rejoiced to welcome back many of its Alumnæ members, among them Mrs. Tuttle, of '80, its first president. Others present were Miss Wing, Miss Caroline Williamson, Miss Stinson, Miss Rood, Miss Gamble, Miss Swift, Miss Conant, Miss Mudgett, Miss Harriet Blake, Miss Caroline Randolph, Miss Marion Anderson, Miss Bonney, and Miss Elizabeth White.

MARRIED.

Traut–Sternberg.—At West Hartford, Conn., May 1, Miss Amalia Anna B. Sternberg, '91, to Mr. G. W. Traut. At home Tuesdays after June 11, 259 Arch Street, West Britain, Conn.

Grinley–Taylor.—At Orange, New Jersey, April 15, Miss Sue Taylor, '91, to Mr. William H. Grinley of England.

De Mott–Stuart.—May 15, 1895, Miss Frances Estelle Stuart, formerly of '94, to the Rev. George Colby De Mott. At home Ticonderoga, New York.

Daggett–Simms.—May 15, Miss Bessie Simms to Mr. Frederick Daggett.

Osborne–Gage.—In Manchester, N. H., June 12, Harriet Newell Gage, '92, to Franklin H. Osborne. At home, Catskill, N. Y.

Cloyes–Gruber.—In Malden, Mass., June 27, Grace E. Gruber, '92, to Mr. William E. Cloyes. At home after September 1, at 343 Dearborn Ave., Chicago.

BORN.

February 7, 1895, at Hartford, Conn., a daughter to Mrs. Emma Alvord Beardslee, '80–81.

February 23, 1895, a son, Eliot, to Mrs. Helen Dunlap Dick, '80–'84.

In Worcester, Mass., June 22, a son to Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles, '88–86.

May 25, 1895, in Concord, N. H., a second son to Mrs. Abbie Whiton Thompson, formerly of '89.

DIED.

April, 1895, George Comee, husband of Mrs. Anna Barrett Comee, '82–87.

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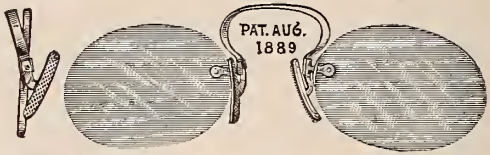

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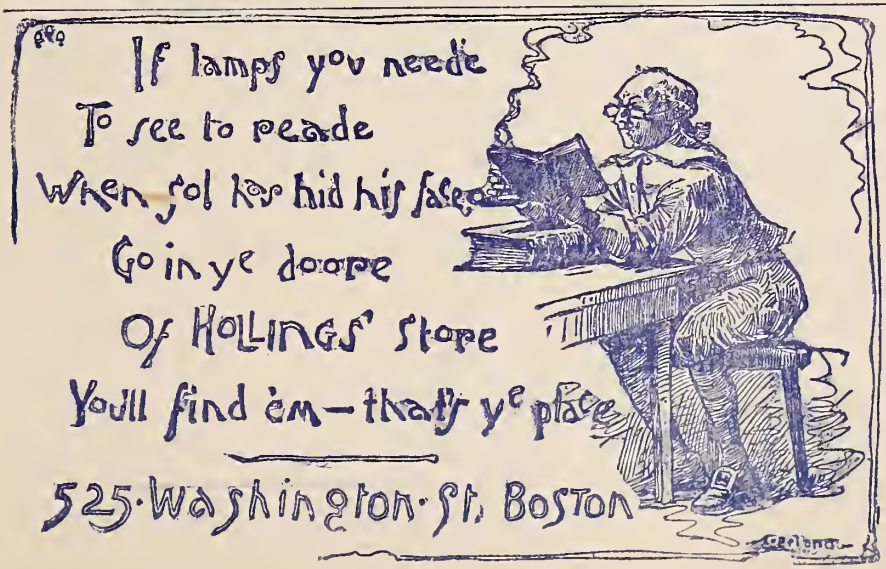

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